

## TALKED WITH TEETH AND EYES.

## An Old Detective's Unique Conversation With a Telegraph Operator.

"Well, I had an experience on the train coming home from the post on Monday that I will not forget very soon," said Dr. L. Carr to a reporter.

"As our train was passing Chillicothe in old looking man, grizzled and unkempt, with an awfully tough air, but supporting himself with a cane, for he had a bad case of ankylosis (stiffened knee joint), came thumping along through the narrow passageway of the sleeper and looked into the smoking compartment where John Kearney and myself sat enjoying our cigars."

"The old fellow glanced in but a moment and then stumped away again. I remarked to John that that was a pretty tough looking customer, and he replied:

"Why, don't you know him? That's John T. Norris, the detective."

"Well, we got off the train at Chillicothe, as I wanted to send a telegram, and we met Norris at the telegraph office. He stepped up to me and said:

"How do you do, doctor?"

"I returned his greeting, and then he said:

"You don't know me, do you?"

"No," I said, "I never saw you before."

"Well, you are Dr. Carr of Cincinnati," said he.

"Yes," I said.

"Well, doctor, I met you for a moment one day in September, 1878. It was at Dr. Minor's office in Cincinnati, and we got talking about the Carrs down in Virginia."

"Then it all came back to me. He was right. I was astonished."

"Why, Mr. Norris, I said, 'that was 15 years ago. I did not wear glasses then and was not as heavy by 40 or 50 pounds as now. I was a little slim fellow.'"

"Yes, I know," said he. "But I recognized you when I put my head in at the smoking room."

"Well, we had some little time to wait at Chillicothe, and Norris made it lively for us."

"Doctor, let me have a silver dollar, will you?" he asked.

"I knew he was up to some trick, but decided to get done up and never equal. I handed over the dollar. He took it, and balancing it on his tongue began to chuck it against his upper teeth."

"Of course, I thought this was only a pretense before making it disappear for good and regarded the crazy performance with some interest. The operator sat there looking at Norris, apparently as curious over these antics as myself, though, of course, not so anxious about the dollar."

When Norris got through, he turned to the operator and said:

"What did I say?"

"And the operator replied:

"Do you know him, Carr of West Virginia, or the Carrs of Virginia?"

"Why, the old rascal was telegraphing all the while, and that operator sat there reading it. After we had recovered from that he said to the operator, 'Watch my eyes, and he sent a message by winking his eyes, and the operator took that off."

"We have to know all these little things in my business," said Norris as he stumped away with his cane and stiffened leg."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

## A Job For the Preacher.

The mountain circuit rider met me at the foot of Hurricane gap in the Pine mountains, and we rode along together, and about a mile from where the roads forked we were stopped by a mountaineer with a Winchester under the preacher's knee.

"I just stopped yer," he said to the preacher, "ter ax yer to come up to the house in the morning."

"Anybody else?" inquired the preacher.

"No," and the mountaineer bestated.

"You know you have been a-talkin' ter me for a long time about gittin' religion an' I been holdin' off."

The preacher nodded and looked pleased, for there was a tone of penitence in the native's voice.

"Well, I've eebout made up my mind that I've got ter be a Christian, an' when somethin' got ter be done, Jim Gullins come by my place this mornin' an' killed one of my dogs when I was away, an' you've heard me say what I thought of Jim Gullins many a time afore this."

The preacher nodded sorrowfully this time.

"Well, I'm goin' down to see Jim now," continued the mountaineer, "an' if I git him I'll be ready to jine the meetin' house when you come up in the mornin', an' if Jim gits me you'll have a funeral to preach, so's you won't lose nothing by it now."

I must be gittin' along. Goodby, and slinging his Winchester into the hollow of his arm he hurried away through the thickets leaving the circuit rider and me sitting on our horses in the road completely knocked out by the suddenness of it all and the peculiarity.—Detroit Free Press.

## Roofs In the Tropics.

In the interior of Ceylon the natives finish walls and roofs with a paste of slaked lime, gluten and alum, which glazes and is so durable that specimens three centuries old are now to be seen. On the Malabar coast the flat bamboo roofs are covered with a mixture of cow dung, straw and clay. This is a poor conductor of heat and not only withstands the heavy rains to a remarkable degree, but keeps the hot cool in hot weather. In Sumatra the natives women braid a coarse cloth of palm leaves for the edge and top of the roof. Sharke's skins form the roofs of fishermen in the Andaman Islands. The Malays of Malacca, Sumatra and Java have a roof of thatched pieces of palm leaf wickerwork, about 3 feet by 2 in size and an inch thick, which are laid like shingles and are practically waterproof. The Arabs of the East Indies make a durable roofing of slaked lime, blood and cement. Europeans sometimes use old sails—made proof against water mold and insects by paraffin and corrosive sublimate—for temporary roofs.—Waverley Magazine.

## Contempt of Court.

The following once took place in Williamsburg township, N. C. In justice's court a prisoner was charged with the larceny of a bottle of beer from a barroom. He objected to being tried before the justice and asked that his case be heard by some other J. P. The court, demanded his grounds of objection; to which the prisoner replied that he did not propose to be tried for stealing beer from a barroom before a magistrate who was in the habit of dead-beating for drinks around the barrooms of that township. To this the court with great dignity and emphasis replied: "You accuse me of doing that? Then you are a liar, and I fine you \$5 for contempt of court."—Green Bag.

## Mistake, Mistaken.

The use of this word seems to be so anomalous as to need some inquiry and explanation.

I may be mistaken, for I continually make mistakes. But when shown to have been mistaken I own myself in error. Yet, if I am mistaken, is it not the error of him who mistakes me? But it may be that I am right and that he is mistaken, though I suppose that I ought to take him aright and not mistake him. Nevertheless I often have to say in argument: "You were quite right. I was mistaken."

In a word, though he who mistakes must be in error, our common use of language considers him who is mistaken to be so.—Notes and Queries.

## LET IN ON THE GROUND FLOOR.

## How a Widow Made Use of What She Heard Railroad Directors Say.

A few years ago a widow and her daughter were occupying a section in a Pullman sleeper on the Missouri Pacific railroad. The section next to this lady happened to be occupied by a couple of the directors of that railroad. The partition between the two sections was so thin that it was not difficult for a conversation carried on in one section to be heard in the other. The lady traveler heard the two directors discussing a plan of consolidation whereby the stock of the Missouri Pacific was bound to be greatly enhanced in value.

It was then worth but 2 or 3 cents on the dollar. She was on her return trip to her home in Hartford. The conversation of the two directors preyed on her mind. She revolved it over and over again until her home was reached, about which time a \$5,000 note due her was redeemed. She sent for her attorney, detailed to him the conversation she had heard and said she was almost resolved to invest the \$5,000 in Missouri Pacific.

The attorney, mistaking her announced resolution for irony, laughed, but the woman of wealth persisted.

"It is but \$5,000," she said, "and if I lose I shall have just as much to eat as I have always had and just as much to wear. If the plans betrayed by these two directors work out, I shall make a good deal of money buying Missouri Pacific."

The attorney obeyed the instructions of his client, invested the \$5,000, and in less than a month the proposed consolidation was consummated, and the Hartford widow realized for her \$5,000 investment \$250,000. At the first blush this incident is set down as proof of luck.

It was simply an unexpected exhibition of what in Wall street vernacular is termed "nerve" on the part of a quack-eyed and quicker-witted woman. Not one person in 10,000 would have given any heed to the conversation referred to, and not one of a thousand who might have heard and heeded and who happened to have the money, as the widow had it, would have dared invest it. These incidents and illustrations might be expanded until volumes were filled. The evidence would be cumulative that the thoughtless term luck—Cincinnati Times-Star.

## The Waiter's Good Joke.

The party at the corner table had ordered four beers and a thin one and invited the waiter of the German restaurant to "have one yourself." Warned by the hospitality and the jokers that followed, Jacob felt bound to reciprocate.

"I will doll you a good story," he said, "you dot did happen true mit meinsel here der oder day. Dere was a veller gomes in here mit some jag on und sit him down at dot dable und zay, 'Vat haf you?' I zay 'Shower,' und he zay, 'Pring me some' und den he lanns pack in der shair to sleep mit himself."

"I yell 'Shower!' to der cook, und ven it comes oop und I curries it to der man he vas zomnd adeels. I zay, 'I haf some fun,' und I dakos der empty bowl dot some oder veller had und set in front of der veller mit der jag. Bretty soon he vakes oop und looks at der bowl und zay, 'Gif me a beer, und how mooch vas all?' 'Twenty cents,' I zay, und he zay: 'Ees dot all? Vell, dot vas nsgoot shower as Feter did eat.'"

"Und I haf had a man ven you gif him some beer for nodings und jokes mit him. Den I say to dis veller: 'Dot vas all right. You haf anoder shounder on me eef you like it. Dot vas a goot von.'"

"Und I haf eef since. It vas a goot chokoe, you bet."—Boston Herald.

## Address as Above.

There is one lawyer in the city who will never again make use of Latin phrases in writing business letters. A short time ago he had to write a letter to a client in a neighboring city regarding an important lawsuit that was to come up before the court in the course of a few days. The information he solicited was highly essential to his case. In writing this epistle he made use of a letter head with his printed address at the top.

In closing his letter he signed himself thus: "John Langdon, Address as above."

After waiting several days for the reply, which did not come, he again wrote his procrastinating client and asked why he had not sooner answered his first letter. The next day he received a reply in which the client said that he had answered the letter and addressed it to "John Langdon, UtSupra, N. Y."—Buffalo Express.

## Domesticity in a Railroad Train.

If you chance to be on a certain car of the Sixth avenue "L" about 12 o'clock in the day as it passes up from the Fourteenth street station, you'll see a pretty little girl of some 7 summers with a dinner pail. Her slender young figure presses against the platform rail, and the big brown eyes anxiously scan the various cars as they come and go. The crowd get on and get off and push and jostle for places, but she pays no attention to what is going on so lively all around her, and clinging tightly to the dinner pail scrutinizes every car platform. All at once her eyes twinkle, and her face lights up, and she springs upon the upper platform. The train takes her dinner pail and alms the gate.

Then he gives her a light kiss, which is received with a shy glance around the car at the rest of the folks, and the pair sit down in the nearest corner. The father, relieved temporarily by one of his mates, opens up on the contents of the dinner pail, and the little girl makes a mental inventory of the dainties of the grand ladies in whose society she is unexpectedly thrown. Mean while the slapping and banging and rushing and crowding and ringing of gong and bell are going on, lending additional prettiness to this picture of domestic life in the metropolis.—New York Herald.

Chasing Whimsical Fashion.

Every change that arises gives labor and a livelihood to many waiting hands. If women are extravagant in matters of dress—and men, too, for that matter—it directly benefits other and poorer women. It also benefits the weary manufacturer, who spends his life chasing this fickle dame and trying to arrive each season with her. If successful, he makes "a bit of the season" and is encouraged to keep on at a rate faster than any exposition fier. If he fails, he only wonders why he "didn't know that style would never go," and his only resource is to try again, for this elusive Muse. Fashion cannot always escape. It is wearisome work following fashion's changes, but on the other hand, such faithful followers of ten are repaid royally and reap many golden dollars for their ideas thus carried out. As far as the world at large is concerned, the speedier she does it more good than the miser, and in this spirit we accept the apparently frivolous changes of the autocratic Dame Fashion.—Dry Goods Economist.

## GEMS IN VERSE.

## Our Emblem.

The rose may bloom for old England,  
The lily for France stand;  
Ireland may honor her shamrock,  
Scotland the thistle bold;  
But the shield of the great republic,  
The glory of the west,  
Shall bear a stalk of tasseled corn,  
Of all our wealth the best.  
The cornucopia and the golden stream,  
The heart of the north may cheer,  
And the mountain laurel for Maryland  
Its royal cluster rear.  
The olive and magnolia  
The crest of the south adorn,  
But the wide republic's emblem  
Is the bounteous golden corn.  
—Edna Dean Proctor.

## Grandma's Song.

In the corner, softly rocking,  
With her knitting, grandma sat;  
At her feet before the fender  
Purred the household tabby cat;  
Soft and cheery glowed the firelight,  
Reflecting on the polished tongue  
As grandma piled her needles nimbly,  
And crooned this tenderest of songs:  
"Ye banks and braes o' bonny Doon,  
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?  
How can ye chant, ye little birds,  
And I see weary, fu' o' care?"

There beside her on a hassock  
Sat her darling golden head,  
Little Mabel, with her dolly,  
Nearly ready for her bed.  
Through the thoughts of that wee maiden  
Hung the notes of that old tune,  
And between her childish fancies  
Slept its dreamy, tender rune:  
"Ye banks and braes o' bonny Doon,  
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?  
How can ye chant, ye little birds,  
And I see weary, fu' o' care?"

To grandma's lap climbed little Mabel,  
Lest'ning to her grandma's song,  
And the drolight danced in them  
As they sat it rays among.  
And by and by the golden tresses  
Lay damp and soft on grandma's dress,  
While the eyelids softly pressed:  
In slumber sweet did lightly press:  
"Ye banks and braes o' bonny Doon,  
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?  
How can ye chant, ye little birds,  
And I see weary, fu' o' care?"

Still crooned the gentle, loving grandma,  
While slower, slower moved her chair,  
And lower bent the head of silver,  
Till gold and silver mingled there.  
And fell upon the snowy muslin  
Gathered round her withered throat;  
And still she crooned until in slumber  
The song in silence lost its note:  
"Ye banks and braes o' bonny Doon,  
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?  
How can ye chant, ye little birds,  
And I see weary, fu' o' care?"

At last she closed her weary eyes,  
That warble through the flowery thorn;  
Ye mind me o' departed joys,  
Departed never to return.  
—Olive Harper.

## Faith.

The faith that life on earth is being shaped  
To glorious ends, that order, justice, love,  
Mean man's compass, mean, effect as sure  
As roundness in the dewdrop—that great faith  
Is not the rushing and expanding stream  
Of thought, of feeling, fed by all the past.

Our finest hope is finest memory.  
As they who love in age think youth is best  
Because it has a life to fill with love,  
Full souls are double mirrors, making still  
An endless vista of fair things before  
Repeating things behind. So faith is strong  
Only when we are strong, shrinks when we shrink.

It comes when music stirs us, and the chords,  
Moving on some grand climax, shake our souls  
With influx new that makes new energies.  
It comes in swelling of the heart and tears  
That rise at noble and at gentle deeds—  
At labors of the master artist's hand,  
Which, trembling, touches to a finer end,  
Trembling before an image seen within.  
It comes in moments of heroic love,  
Unconscious joy in joy not made for us—  
In conscious triumph of the good within,  
Making us worship goodness that rebukes.  
Even our culture is a prophecy,  
Even our yearnings and our bitter tears  
After that fair and true we cannot grasp.  
As patriots who seem to die in vain  
Make liberty more sacred by their pains.  
—George Eliot.

## The Usual Way.

Didst ever observe when a pig in the fence  
Sends forth its most pitiful shout  
How all of his neighbors betake themselves  
Thence?

To punish him ere he gets out?  
And the hubbub they raise, so that others afar  
May know his condition and hence  
Come running to join them in adding a scar  
To the pig that is fast in the fence.

Well, swine are not all of the creatures that be  
Who find themselves sticking between  
The rails of the fence, and who try to get free  
While the world is still shoving them in;  
Who find that the favor they meet with depends  
Not on words, but on dollars and cents.

And that 'tis but few who will prove themselves  
Friends  
To the pig that is fast in the fence.  
—Philadelphia Ledger.

## "Not to Be."

The rose said, "Let but this long rain be past,  
And I shall feel my sweetness in the sun  
And pour its fullness into life at last."  
But when the rain was done,  
But when dawn sparkled through unclouded  
air,  
She was not there.

The lark said, "Let but winter be away,  
And blossoms come and light, and I will  
sing."  
And lose the earth and be the voice of day,  
But when the sun shone forth,  
But when spring broke in blueness overhead,  
The lark was dead.

And myriad roses made the garden glow,  
And skylarks caroled all the summer long—  
What lack of birds to sing and flowers to blow!  
Yet, ah, lost song, lost song!  
Poor empty rose, poor lark that never trilled!  
Dead unfulfilled!  
—Augusta Webster.

## The Day's Demand.

God give us men. A time like this demands  
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and  
ready hands;  
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;  
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;  
Men who possess opinions and a will;  
Men who have honor, men who will not lie;  
Men who can stand before a demagogue  
And damn his treacherous flatteries without  
winking.

Tall men, sin crowned, who live above the fog,  
In public duty and in private thinking.  
For while the rabble, with their thumbworn  
creeds,  
Their large professions and their little deeds,  
Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps,  
Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice  
sleeps.  
—Dr. J. G. Holland.

## Change.

When we are gone,  
The generation that comes after us  
Will have far other thoughts than ours. Our  
rules  
Will serve to build their palaces or tombs.  
They will possess the world that we think ours  
And fashion it far otherwise.  
—Longfellow.

## The Inappreciable Years.

Like snow that falls on water seen the years,  
The inappreciable years that melt away  
Into Time's water—yet, unseen, the tide  
Is swelled thereby, and haply some good ship  
Floated across the sandbars into port  
That means smooth haven and a sight of home.  
—Richard Burton.

## His Own Name.

Travers—Look here, those shoes you  
made me croak.  
Shoemaker—They always croak at the  
end of 30 days, sir, if the bill isn't paid.  
—New York Herald.

The oldest armchair in the world, it is  
reputed, is the throne once used by Queen  
Hatshepsut, who flourished in Egypt 1500 B.  
C. It is so hardened with age as to appear  
to be made of black marble.

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